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POEMS BY CHARLES COTTON

POEMS

BY

CHARLES COTTON

AUTHOR OF
THE SECOND PART OF "THE COMPLEAT ANGLER"

CHOSEN AND EDITED BY

J. R. TUTIN

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PREFATORY NOTE

THE present volume is an attempt to offer lovers of our older literature most, at least, of the better, and all the best poems of CHARLES COTTON, the friend of Izaak Walton of "Compleat Angler" fame, as well as the author of the second part of that popular classic. Why Charles Cotton's best verse should have been left out so long in the cold it is not easy to understand. I make bold to assert that the poems contained herein were more worthy of republication than was even the second part of "The Compleat Angler," whatever the average critic may think. Not that Cotton's part in that work is of small worth—far from it; but because his poems, by virtue of their many excellent qualities, ought to have insured for this poet a better reception *as a poet*, than he has hitherto had.

I should despair of being able to do justice to so versatile a genius—for that he is a genius in poetry, I must contend—had I ten times the space of this note to devote to him, but I will do my best to say what I consider most essential in regard to Charles Cotton.

What others (*e.g.*, S. T. Coleridge, Charles Lamb, and Wordsworth) have said about him, *in extenso*, I need

not repeat here. The reader, if he wishes to know, can easily find out.

Why, then, should this poet of the Restoration be offered now, in part, for the delectation of twentieth century readers? Partly because of his strength and sincerity, whatever some readers may think of him to the contrary. A more candid and honest writer I am not acquainted with. It is not necessary, for the purpose of this book, to go into the question of his character as a man: I deal with him solely as a poet.

Cotton may never, among so many writers of distinctive verse, become what is called "popular," any more than Richard Crashaw or Henry Vaughan may, but for different reasons from those that make sealed books of the two last-named English poets. Cotton is the poet of his own times *pur et simple*, and therein lies the explanation why he is not likely to become a popular poet, taking him as a whole. Shakespeare is "for all time," and so are Chaucer, and Wordsworth, and Burns, and Keats;—not so Charles Cotton. He is nevertheless worthy of attention in these times, especially as his favourite pastime of angling is more practised than ever. He is pre-eminently the angler's poet, as it is partly the object of this book to show. I need not particularise poems in this connection: the reader will quickly find them, and relish them, I hope; otherwise I disallow him to be a judge of this prince of anglers.

As a writer of love-lyrics Cotton is entitled to recognition and praise. He has not in these the grace and polish of Thomas Carew, but he has a power

and originality all his own, which make him all the more acceptable and enjoyable. The Amatory verse of this volume is therefore especially mentioned, because Cotton excels in it as compared even with some of the best of his contemporaries. As for the last section of this book—although they are indicative of a weak side of Cotton's life and character, I could not bring myself to ignore his Bacchanalian pieces, as I have entitled them ; they may stand as fairly representative of one side of his character, the *Voyage to Ireland in Burlesque*—a production running to about five hundred lines—supplementing those contained in the larger and annotated edition of Cotton and Walton published almost simultaneously with this one.

No notes are offered herein, they being given exclusively in my edition of Cotton's "Lyrical Poems," along with which are incorporated all the verse-remains of Izaak Walton.

The present edition, although a small one, is offered at a low price, the exact number of copies printed being stated on the title-page. It will not be reprinted, consequently an *early* application, to the address given on title-page, is desirable.

J. R. TUTIN.

GT. FENCOTE, YORKS.,
Sept. 1, 1903.

POEMS BY CHARLES COTTON

There are not a few poems in [COTTON'S Poems on Several Occasions, 1689] replete with every excellence of thought, image, and passion, which we expect or desire in the poetry of the milder muse.

COLERIDGE: *Biographia Literaria*, Ch. xix.

There is . . . real lyric feeling in Cotton's Ode on Winter.

IB. *Table Talk*, Oct. 23, '33.

Hearty, cheerful Mr Cotton.—CHARLES LAMB.

I.—MISCELLANEOUS

WINTER

I

HARK, hark, I hear the North Wind roar,
See how he riots on the shore!
And with expanded wings at stretch,
Ruffles the billows on the beach.

II

Hark, how the routed waves complain, 5
And call for succour to the main,
Flying the storm as if they meant
To creep into the continent.

III

Surely all Æol's huffing brood
Are met to war against the flood, 10
Which seem surpris'd, and have not yet
Had time his levies to complete.

WINTER

IV

The beaten Barque, her rudder lost,
Is on the rolling billows tost ;
Her keel now ploughs the ooze and soon 15
Her top-mast tilts against the moon.

V

'Tis strange ! the Pilot keeps his seat ;
His bounding ship does so curvet,
Whilst the poor passengers are found,
In their own fears already drown'd. 20

VI

Now fins do serve for wings, and bear
Their scaly squadrons through the air ;
Whilst the air's inhabitants do stain
Their gaudy plumage in the main.

VII

Now stars concealed in clouds do peep 25
Into the secrets of the deep ;
And lobsters, spewèd from the brine,
With Cancer constellations shine.

VIII

Sure Neptune's wat'ry kingdoms yet,
Since first their coral graves were wet, 30
Were ne'er disturb'd with such alarms,
Nor had such trial of their arms.

IX

See where a liquid mountain rides,
Made up of innumerable tides,
And tumbles headlong to the strand, 35
As if the sea would come to land.

X

A sail! a sail! I plainly spy
Betwixt the ocean and the sky :
An argosy, a tall built ship,
With all her pregnant sails a-trip. 40

XI

Nearer, and nearer, she makes way,
With canvas wings, into the bay ;
And now upon the deck appears
A crowd of busy mariners.

XII

Methinks I hear the cordage crack, 45
With furrowing Neptune's foaming back,
Who wounded, and revengeful roars
His fury to the neighb'ring shores.

XIII

With massy trident high, he heaves
Her sliding keel above the waves, 50
Opening his liquid arms to take
The bold invader in his wrack.

WINTER

XIV

See how she dives into his chest,
 Whilst raising up his floating breast
 To clasp her in, he makes her rise 55
 Out of the reach of his surprise.

XV

Nearer she comes, and still doth sweep
 The azure surface of the deep,
 And now at last the waves have thrown
 Their rider on our *ALBION*. 60

XVI

Under the black cliff's spumy base
 The sea-sick hulk her freight displays,
 And as she walloweth on the sand,
 Vomits her burthen to the land.

XVII

With heads erect, and plying oar, 65
 The ship-wreck'd mates make to the shore ;
 And dreadless of their danger, climb
 The floating mountains of the brine.

XVIII

Hark ! hark ! the noise their echo make
 The island's silver waves to shake ; 70
 Sure with these throws, the lab'ring main
 'S delivered of a hurricane.

WINTER

5

XIX

And see the seas becalm'd behind,
Not crispt with any breeze of wind ;
The tempest has forsook the waves, 75
And on land begins his braves.

XX

Hark ! hark ! their voices higher rise,
They tear the welkin with their cries ;
The very rocks their fury feel,
And like sick drunkards nod and reel. 80

XXI

Louder, and louder, still they come,
Nile's cataracts to these are dumb ;
The Cyclop to these blades are still,
Whose anvils shake the burning hill.

XXII

Were all the stars enlighten'd skies, 85
As full of ears as sparkling eyes ;
This rattle in the Crystal Hall,
Would be enough to deaf them all.

XXIII

What monstrous race is hither tost,
Thus to alarm our British coast ; 90
With outcries such as never yet
War or confusion could beget.

WINTER

XXIV

Oh ! now I know them ; let us home,
 Our mortal enemy is come :
 Winter and all his blust'ring train 95
 Have made a voyage o'er the main.

XXV

Vanished the countries of the sun,
 The fugitive is hither run,
 To ravish from our fruitful fields
 All that the teeming season yields. 100

XXVI

Like an invader, not a guest,
 He comes to riot, not to feast,
 And in wild fury overthrows
 Whatever does his march oppose.

XXVII

With bleak and with congealing winds 105
 The earth in shining chains he binds ;
 And still as he doth farther pass,
 Quarries his way with liquid glass.

XXVIII

Hark ! how the blusterers of the Bear
 Their gibbous cheeks in triumph tear, 110
 And with continued shouts do ring
 The entry of their palsied king.

XXIX

The squadron nearest to your eye
Is his, Forlorn of infantry :
Bow-men of unrelenting minds, 115
Whose shafts are feather'd with the winds.

XXX

Now you may see his vanguard rise
Above the earthy precipice,
Bold horse on bleakest mountains bred,
With hail instead of provend fed. 120

XXXI

Their lances are the pointed locks
Torn from the brows of frozen rocks ;
Their shields are crystals, as their swords :
The steel the rusted rock affords.

XXXII

See ! the main body now appears ; 125
And hark the Æolian trumpeters
By their hoarse levets do declare
That the bold general rides there.

XXXIII

And look ! where mantled up in white,
He sleds it like the Muscovite ; 130
I know him by the port he bears,
And his life-guard of mountaineers.

XXXIV

Their caps are furr'd with hoary frost,
 The bravery their cold kingdom boasts ;
 Their spongy plaids are milk-white frieze, 135
 Spun from the snowy mountain's fleece.

XXXV

Their partisans are fine carved glass,
 Fringed with the morning's spangled grass ;
 And pendent by their brawny thighs
 Hang scimitars of burnisht ice. 140

XXXVI

See! see! the rearward now has won
 The promontory's trembling crown,
 Whilst at their numerous spurs, the ground
 Groans out a hollow murmuring sound.

XXXVII

The Forlorn now halts for the van ; 145
 The Rear-guard draws up to the main ;
 And now they altogether crowd
 Their troops into a threatening cloud.

XXXVIII

Fly ! fly ! the foe advances fast
 Into our fortress, let us haste 150
 Where all the roarers of the North
 Can neither storm nor starve us forth.

XXXIX

There underground a magazine
Of sovereign juice is cellar'd in :
Liquor that will the siege maintain, 155
Should Phœbus ne'er return again.

XL

'Tis that that gives the Poet rage,
And thaws the gelid blood of Age ;
Matures the young, restores the old,
And makes the fainting coward bold. 160

XLI

It lays the careful head to rest,
Calms palpitations in the breast,
Renders our lives' misfortune sweet,
And Venus frolic in the sheet.

XLII

Then let the chill Sirocco blow, 165
And gird us round with hills of snow ;
Or else go whistle to the shore,
And make the hollow mountains roar,

XLIII

Whilst we together jovial sit
Careless, and crown'd with mirth and wit ; 170
Where, though bleak winds confine us home,
Our fancies round the world shall roam.

WINTER

XLIV

We'll think of all the friends we know,
 And drink to all worth drinking to ;
 When having drunk all thine and mine, 175
 We rather shall want healths than wine.

XLV

But where friends fail us, we'll supply
 Our friendships with our charity ;
 Men that remote in sorrows live
 Shall by our lusty brimmers thrive. 180

XLVI

We'll drink the wanting into wealth,
 And those that languish into health,
 The afflicted into joy, th' opprest
 Into security and rest.

XLVII

The worthy in disgrace shall find 185
 Favour return again more kind,
 And in restraint who stifled lie
 Shall taste the air of liberty.

XLVIII

The brave shall triumph in success,
 The lovers shall have mistresses, 190
 Poor unregarded Virtue, praise,
 And the neglected Poet, bays.

XLIX

Thus shall our healths do others good
Whilst we ourselves do all we would ;
For, freed from envy and from care, 195
What would we be but what we are ?

L

'Tis the plump grape's immortal juice
That does this happiness produce,
And will preserve us free together,
Maugre mischance, or wind and weather. 200

LI

Then let old Winter take his course,
And roar abroad till he be hoarse,
And his lungs crack with ruthless ire,
It shall but serve to blow our fire.

LII

Let him our little castle ply 205
With all his loud artillery ;
Whilst sack and claret man the fort
His fury shall become our sport.

LIII

Or, let him Scotland take, and there
Confine the plotting Presbyter ; 210
His zeal may freeze, whilst we keep warm
With love and wine, can take no harm.

THE NEW YEAR

TO MR W. T.

HARK, the cock crows, and yon bright star
Tells us, the day himself's not far ;
And see where, breaking from the night,
He gilds the western hills with light.
With him old Janus doth appear, 5
Peeping into the future Year,
With such a look as seems to say,
The prospect is not good that way.
Thus do we rise ill sights to see,
And 'gainst ourselves to prophesy ; 10
When the prophetic fear of things
A more tormenting mischief brings,
More full of soul-tormenting gall,
Than direst mischiefs can befall.
But stay ! but stay ! methinks my sight, 15
Better informed by clearer light,
Discerns sereneness in that brow,
That all contracted seem'd but now.
His reverse face may show distaste,
And frown upon the ills are past ; 20

But that which this way looks is clear,
 And smiles upon the New-born Year.
 He looks too from a place so high,
 The year lies open to his eye ;
 And all the moments open are 25
 To the exact discoverer.
 Yet more and more he shines upon
 The happy revolution.
 Why should we then suspect or fear
 The influences of a year, 30
 So smiles upon us the first morn,
 And speaks us good so soon as born ?
 [Plague] on't ! the last was ill enough,
 This cannot but make better proof ;
 Or, at the worst, as we brush'd through 35
 The last, why so we may this too ;
 And then the next in reason should
 Be superexcellently good :
 For the worst ills (we daily see)
 Have no more perpetuity, 40
 Than the best fortunes that do fall ;
 Which also bring us wherewithal
 Longer their being to support,
 Than those do of the other sort :
 And who has one good year in three, 45
 And yet repines at destiny,
 Appears ingrateful in the case,
 And merits not the good he has.
 Then let us welcome the New Guest
 With lusty brimmers of the best ; 50
 Mirth always should Good Fortune meet,

And render e'en Disaster sweet :
And though the Princess turn her back,
Let us but line ourselves with sack,
We better shall by far hold out,
Till the next Year she face about.

THE RETIREMENT

IRREGULAR STANZAS TO MR IZAAK WALTON

I

FAREWELL, thou busy World, and may
 We never meet again :
Here I can eat, and sleep and pray,
And do more good in one short day
Than he who his whole age outwears 5
Upon thy most conspicuous theatres,
Where nought but vice and vanity do reign.

II

Good God! how sweet are all things here!
How beautiful the fields appear!
How cleanly do we feed and lie! 10
Lord! what good hours do we keep!
 How quietly we sleep!
What peace! what unanimity!
How innocent from the lewd fashion
Is all our business, all our conversation! 15

III

Oh, how happy here's our leisure!
Oh, how innocent our pleasure!

Oh ye valleys, oh ye mountains,
 Oh ye groves and crystal fountains,
 How I love at liberty 20
 By turn to come and visit ye!

IV

O Solitude, the soul's best friend,
 That Man acquainted with himself dost make,
 And all his Maker's wonders to intend ;
 With thee I here converse at will, 25
 And would be glad to do so still ;
 For it is thou alone that keep'st the soul awake.

V

How calm and quiet a delight
 It is alone
 To read, and meditate, and write, 30
 By none offended, nor offending none ;
 To walk, ride, sit, or sleep at one's own ease,
 And pleasing a man's self, none other to displease !

VI

Oh my belovèd nymph ! fair Dove,
 Princess of rivers, how I love 35
 Upon thy flowery banks to lie,
 And view thy silver stream,
 When gilded by a summer's beam,
 And in it all thy wanton fry

THE RETIREMENT 17

Playing at liberty, 40
And with my angle upon them,
The all of treachery
I ever learn'd to practise and to try!

VII

Such streams Rome's yellow Tiber cannot show,
Th' Iberian Tagus, nor Ligurian Po ; 45
The Meuse, the Danube, and the Rhine,
Are puddle-water all compar'd with thine ;
And Loire's pure streams yet too polluted are
With thine much purer to compare :
The rapid Garonne, and the winding Seine 50
Are both too mean,
Belovèd Dove, with thee
To vie priority :
Nay, Thame and Isis, when conjoin'd, submit,
And lay their trophies at thy silver feet. 55

VIII

Oh my belovèd rocks ! that rise
To awe the earth, and brave the skies ;
From some aspiring mountain's crown
How dearly do I love,
Giddy with pleasure, to look down ; 60
And from the vales to view the noble heights above !

IX

Oh my belovèd caves ! from dog-star heats,
And hotter persecution, safe retreats ;

What safety, privacy, what true delight
 In the artificial night 65
 Your gloomy entrails make,
 Have I taken, do I take!
 How oft, when grief has made me fly
 To hide me from society,
 Even of my dearest friends, have I 70
 In your recesses' friendly shade
 All my sorrows open laid,
 And my most secret woes entrusted to your privacy!

X

Lord! would men let me alone,
 What an over-happy one 75
 Should I think myself to be;
 Might I in this desert place,
 Which most men by their voice disgrace,
 Live but undisturbed and free!
 Here in this despised recess 80
 Would I, maugre Winter's cold,
 And the Summer's worst excess,
 Try to live out to sixty full years old,
 And all the while
 Without an envious eye 85
 On any thriving under Fortune's smile,
 Contented live, and then contented die.

TO MY DEAR AND MOST WORTHY FRIEND,
MR IZAAK WALTON

WHILST in this cold and blust'ring clime,
Where bleak winds howl, and tempests roar,
We pass away the roughest time
Has been of many years before ;

Whilst from the most tempestuous nooks 5
The chilliest blasts our peace invade,
And by great rains our smallest brooks
Are almost navigable made ;

Whilst all the ills are so improved
Of this dead quarter of the year, 10
That even you, so much beloved,
We would not now wish with us here ;

In this estate, I say, it is
Some comfort to us to suppose,
That in a better clime than this 15
You, our dear friend, have more repose ;

And some delight to me the while,
Though nature now does weep in rain,
To think that I have seen her smile,
And haply may I do again. 20

If the all-ruling Power please
 We live to see another May,
 We'll recompense an age of these
 Foul days in one fine fishing-day :

We then shall have a day or two, 25
 Perhaps a week, wherein to try,
 What the best Master's hand can do
 With the most deadly killing fly.

A day without too bright a beam, 30
 A warm, but not a scorching sun,
 A southern gale to curl the stream,
 And (Master!) half our work is done.

There whilst behind some bush we wait
 The scaly people to betray,
 We'll prove it just with treach'rous bait 35
 To make the preying trout our prey ;

And think ourselves in such an hour
 Happier than those, though not so high,
 Who, like Leviathans, devour
 Of meaner men the smaller fry. 40

This (my best friend) at my poor home
 Shall be our pastime and our theme ;
 But then should you not deign to come
 You make all this a flatt'ring dream. 44

CONTENTATION

DIRECTED TO MY DEAR FATHER AND MOST WORTHY
FRIEND, MR IZAAK WALTON

I

HEAVEN, what an age is this ! what race
Of giants are sprung up, that dare
Thus fly in the Almighty's face,
And with His providence make war !

II

I can go nowhere but I meet 5
With malcontents and mutineers,
As if in life was nothing sweet,
And we must blessings reap in tears.

III

O senseless Man, that murmurs still 10
For happiness, and does not know,
Even though he might enjoy his will,
What he would have to make him so.

IV

Is it true happiness to be
 By undiscerning Fortune placed
 In the most eminent degree 15
 Where few arrive, and none stand fast ?

V

Titles and wealth are Fortune's toils
 Wherewith the vain themselves ensnare ;
 The great are proud of borrow'd spoils,
 The miser's plenty breeds his care. 20

VI

The one supinely yawns at rest,
 Th' other eternally doth toil,
 Each of them equally a beast,
 A pamper'd horse, or lab'ring moil.

VII

The Titulado's oft disgraced 25
 By public hate or private frown,
 And he whose hand the creature rais'd
 Has yet a foot to kick him down.

VIII

The drudge who would all get, all save,
 Like a brute beast both feeds and lies, 30
 Prone to the earth, he digs his grave,
 And in the very labour dies.

IX

Excess of ill-got, ill-kept pelf,
Does only death and danger breed ;
Whilst one rich worldling starves himself 35
With what would thousand others feed.

X

By which we see what Wealth and Power
—Although they make men rich and great—
The sweets of life do often sour,
And gull Ambition with a cheat. 40

XI

Nor is he happier than these
Who, in a moderate estate,
Where he might safely live at ease,
Has lusts that are immoderate ;

XII

For he, by those desires misled, 45
Quits his own vine's securing shade,
T' expose his naked, empty head
To all the storms Man's peace invade.

XIII

Nor is he happy who is trim,
Trick'd up in favours of the fair, 50
Mirrors, with every breath made dim,
Birds caught in every wanton snare.

XIV

Woman, man's greatest woe, or bliss,
 Does offer far, than serve, enslave,
 And with the magic of a kiss 55
 Destroys whom she was made to save.

XV

O fruitful Grief, the world's disease !
 And vainer Man to make it so,
 Who gives his miseries increase 60
 By cultivating his own woe.

XVI

There are no ills but what we make
 By giving shapes and names to things ;
 Which is the dangerous mistake
 That causes all our sufferings.

XVII

We call that sickness which is health, 65
 That persecution which is grace ;
 That poverty which is true wealth,
 And that dishonour which is praise.

XVIII

Providence watches over all,
 And that with an impartial eye ; 70
 And if to misery we fall
 'Tis through our own infirmity.

XIX

'Tis want of foresight makes the bold
Ambitious youth to danger climb,
And want of virtue when the old 75
At persecution do repine.

XX

Alas, our time is here so short
That, in what state so'er 'tis spent
Of joy or woe, does not import,
Provided it be innocent. 80

XXI

But we may make it pleasant too
If we will take our measures right,
And not what Heaven has done undo
By an unruly appetite.

XXII

'Tis Contentation that alone 85
Can make us happy here below,
And, when this little life is gone,
Will lift us up to Heaven too.

XXIII

A very little satisfies
An honest and a grateful heart, 90
And who would more than will suffice
Does covet more than is his part.

XXIV

That man is happy in his share
 Who is warm clad, and cleanly fed,
 Whose necessaries bound his care, 95
 And honest labour makes his bed ;

XXV

Who free from debt, and clear from crimes,
 Honours those laws that others fear ;
 Who ill of Princes in worst times
 Will neither speak himself, nor hear ; 100

XXVI

Who from the busy world retires
 To be more useful to it still,
 And to no greater good aspires
 But only the eschewing ill ;

XXVII

Who, with his angle, and his books, 105
 Can think the longest day well spent,
 And praises God when back he looks,
 And finds that all was innocent.

XXVIII

This man is happier far than he
 Whom public business oft betrays, 110
 Through labyrinths of policy,
 To crookèd and forbidden ways.

XXIX

The World is full of beaten roads,
But yet so slippery withal,
That where one walks secure, 'tis odds 115
A hundred and a hundred fall.

XXX

Untrodden paths are then the best,
Where the frequented are unsure,
And he comes soonest to his rest
Whose journey has been most secure. 120

XXXI

It is Content alone that makes
Our pilgrimage a pleasure here,
And who buys sorrow cheapest takes
An ill commodity too dear.

XXXII

But he has Fortune's worst withstood, 125
And Happiness can never miss,
Can covet naught, but where he stood,
And thinks him happy where he is.

THE ANGLER'S BALLAD

I

AWAY to the brook,
All your tackle out-look,
Here's a day that is worth a year's wishing ;
See that all things be right,
For 'tis a very spite 5
To want tools when a man goes a-fishing.

II

Your rod with tops two,
For the same will not do
If your manner of angling you vary ;
And full well you may think, 10
If you troll with a pink,
One too weak will be apt to miscarry.

III

Then basket, neat made
By a master in 's trade,
In a belt at your shoulders must dangle ; 15
For none e'er was so vain
To wear this to disdain,
Who a true brother was of the Angle.

IV

Next, pouch must not fail,
Stuff'd as full as a mail, 20
 With wax, crewels, silks, hair, furs and feathers,
To make several flies
For the several skies,
 That shall kill in despite of all weathers.

V

The boxes and books 25
For your lines and your hooks,
 And, though not for strict need notwithstanding,
Your scissors and your hone
To adjust your points on,
 With a net to be sure for your landing. 30

VI

All these being on,
'Tis high time we were gone,
 Down, and upward, that all may have pleasure ;
Till, here meeting at night,
We shall have the delight 35
 To discourse of our fortunes at leisure.

VII

The day's not too bright,
And the wind hits us right,
 And all Nature does seem to invite us ;
We have all things at will 40
For to second our skill,
 As they all did conspire to delight us.

VIII

On stream now, or still,
 A large panyer will fill,
 Trout and grayling to rise are so willing ; 45
 I dare venture to say
 'Twill be a bloody day,
 And we all shall be weary of killing.

IX

Away, then, away,
 We lose sport by delay, 50
 But first leave all our sorrows behind us ;
 If Misfortune do come,
 We are all gone from home,
 And a-fishing she never can find us.

X

The Angler is free 55
 From the cares that Degree
 Finds itself with, so often, tormented ;
 And although we should slay
 Each a hundred to-day,
 'Tis a slaughter needs ne'er be repented. 60

XI

And though we display
 All our arts to betray
 What were made for man's pleasure and diet ;
 Yet both Princes and States
 May, for all our quaint baits, 65
 Rule themselves and their people in quiet.

XII

We scratch not our pates,
Nor repine at the rates
Our superiors impose on our living ;
But do frankly submit, 70
Knowing they have more wit
In demanding, than we have in giving.

XIII

Whilst quiet we sit
We conclude all things fit,
Acquiescing with hearty submission ; 75
For, though simple, we know
That soft murmurs will grow
At the last unto downright sedition.

XIV

We care not who says,
And intends it dispraise, 80
That an Angler t' a fool is next neighbour ;
Let him prate, what care we ?
We're as honest as he,
And so let him take that for his labour.

XV

We covet no wealth 85
But the blessing of health,
And that greater good, conscience within ;
Such devotion we bring
To our God and our King,
That from either no offers can win. 90

XVI

Whilst we sit and fish
We do pray as we wish,
 For long life to our King, James the Second ;
Honest Anglers then may,
Or they've very foul play, 95
 With the best of good subjects be reckon'd.

TO MY OLD AND MOST WORTHY FRIEND
MR IZAAK WALTON, ON HIS LIFE OF
DR DONNE, &c.

WHEN, to a nation's loss, the virtuous die,
There's justly due, from every hand and eye,
That can or write, or weep, an elegy.

Which though it be the poorest, cheapest way,
The debt we owe, great merits to defray, 5
Yet it is almost all that most men pay.

And these are monuments of so short date,
That with their birth, they oft receive their fate ;
Dying with those whom they would celebrate.

And though to verse great reverence is due, 10
Yet what most poets write, proves so untrue,
It renders truth in verse suspected too.

Something more sacred then, or more entire,
The memories of virtuous men require,
Than what may with their funeral torch expire : 15

This History can give ; to which alone
The privilege to mate oblivion
Is granted, when denied to brass and stone.

Wherein, my friend, you have a hand so sure,
 Your truths so candid are, your style so pure, 20
 That what you write may Envy's search endure.

Your pen, disdainig to be bribed or prest,
 Flows without vanity or interest ;
 A virtue with which few good pens are blest.

How happy was my father then to see 25
 Those men he lov'd, by him he lov'd, to be
 Rescued from frailties and mortality.

Wotton and Donne, to whom his soul was knit :
 Those twins of virtue, eloquence, and wit,
 He saw in Fame's eternal annals writ ; 30

Where one has fortunately found a place,
 More faithful to him than his marble was :
 Which eating Age, nor fire, shall e'er deface.

A monument, that, as it has, shall last,
 And prove a monument to that defac'd ; 35
 Itself, but with the world not to be raz'd.

And even, in their flowery characters,
 My father's grave part of your friendship shares ;
 For you have honour'd his in strewing theirs.

Thus, by an office, though particular, 40
 Virtue's whole commonweal obliged are ;
 For in a virtuous act all good men share.

And by this act the world is taught to know
That the true friendship we to merit owe
Is not discharg'd by compliment and show. 45

But yours is friendship of so pure a kind,
For all mean ends and interest so refined,
It ought to be a pattern to mankind :

For whereas most men's friendships here beneath
Do perish with their friend's expiring breath, 50
Yours proves a friendship living after death ;

By which the generous Wotton, reverend Donne,
Soft Herbert, and the Church's champion,
Hooker, are rescued from oblivion.

For though they each of them his time so spent, 55
As rais'd unto himself a monument,
With which ambition might rest well content ;

Yet their great works, though they can never die,
And are in truth superlatively high,
Are no just scale to take their virtues by ; 60

Because they show not how the Almighty's grace,
By various and more admirable ways,
Brought them to be the organs of His praise.

But what their humble modesty would hide,
And was by any other means denied, 65
Is by your love and diligence supplied.

Wotton—a nobler soul was never bred!—
You, by your narrative's most even thread,
Through all his labyrinths of life have led ;

Through his degrees of honour, and of arts, 70
Brought him secure from Envy's venom'd darts,
Which are still levell'd at the greatest parts ;

Through all the employments of his wit and spirit,
Whose great effects these kingdoms still inherit ;
The trials then, now trophies of his merit. 75

Nay, through disgrace, which oft the worthiest have ;
Through all state tempests, through each wind and wave,
And laid him in an honourable grave.

And yours, and the whole world's belovèd Donne,
When he a long and wild career had run 80
To the meridian of his glorious sun ;

And being then an object of much ruth,
Led on by vanities, error and youth,
Was long ere he did find the way of truth ;

By the same clue, after his youthful swing, 85
To serve at his God's altar here you bring,
Where once a wanton muse doth anthems sing.

And though by God's most powerful grace alone
His heart was settled in religion :
Yet 'tis by you we know how it was done ; 90

And know, that having crucified vanities,
And fix'd his hope, he clos'd up his own eyes,
And then your friend, a saint and preacher, dies.

The meek and learned Hooker too, almost
In the Church's ruins overwhelmed and lost, 95
Is, by your pen, recovered from the dust.

And Herbert ;—he whose education,
Manners, and parts, by high applauses blown,
Was deeply tainted with ambition ;

And fitted for a court, made that his aim ; 100
At last, without regard to birth or name,
For a poor country cure does all disclaim ;

Where, with a soul, composed of harmonies,
Like a sweet swan, he warbles as he dies,
His Maker's praise, and his own obsequies. 105

All this you tell us, with so good success,
That our oblig'd posterity shall profess
To have been your friend, was a great happiness.

And now, when many worthier would be proud
To appear before you, if they were allow'd, 110
I take up room enough to serve a crowd :

Where, to commend what you have choicely writ,
Both my poor testimony and my wit
Are equally invalid and unfit :

Yet this, and much more, is most justly due : 115
Where what I write as elegant as true,
To the best friend I now or ever knew.

But, my dear friend, 'tis so, that you and I,
By a condition of mortality,
With all this great and more proud world, must die : 120

In which estate, I ask no more of Fame,
Nor other monument of honour claim,
Than that of your true friend to advance my name.

And if your many merits shall have bred
An abler pen, to write your Life when dead ;
I think an honester can not be read. 126

[A SUMMER'S DAY]

I.—MORNING QUATRAINS

I

THE Cock has crow'd an hour ago,
'Tis time we now dull sleep forego ;
Tired Nature is by sleep redress'd,
And Labour's overcome by rest.

II

We have outdone the work of Night, 5
'Tis time we rise t' attend the Light,
And ere he shall his beams display,
To plot new business for the day.

III

None but the slothful, or unsound, 10
Are by the Sun in feathers found ;
Nor, without rising with the Sun,
Can the world's business e'er be done.

IV

Hark ! hark ! the watchful Chanticleer
Tells us the day's bright harbinger
Peeps o'er the eastern hills, to awe 15
And warn Night's sovereign to withdraw.

40 A SUMMER'S DAY—MORNING QUATRAINS

V

The Morning curtains now are drawn,
And now appears the blushing dawn ;
Aurora has her roses shed,
To strew the way Sol's steeds must tread. 20

VI

Xanthus and Æthon harness'd are,
To roll away the burning Car,
And, snorting flame, impatient bear
The dressing of the charioteer.

VII

The sable cheeks of sullen Night 25
Are streak'd with rosy streams of light,
While she retires away in fear
To shade the other hemisphere.

VIII

The merry Lark now takes her wings,
And long'd-for day's loud welcome sings, 30
Mounting her body out of sight,
As if she meant to meet the light.

IX

Now doors and windows are unbarr'd,
Each-where are cheerful voices heard,
And round about Good-morrrows fly, 35
As if Day taught Humanity.

X

The chimneys now to smoke begin,
And the old wife sits down to spin ;
Whilst Kate, taking her pail, does trip
Moll's swol'n and straddling paps to strip. 40

XI

Vulcan now makes his anvil ring,
Dick whistles loud, and Maud doth sing,
And Silvio with his bugle-horn
Winds an imprime unto the morn.

XII

Now through the morning-doors behold 45
Phœbus array'd in burning gold,
Lashing his fiery steeds, displays
His warm and all-enlight'ning rays.

XIII

Now each one to his work prepares,
All that have hands are labourers, 50
And manufactures of each trade
By opening shops are open laid.

XIV

Hob yokes his oxen to the team,
The Angler goes unto the stream,
The woodman to the purlieus hies, 55
And lab'ring bees to load their thighs.

42 A SUMMER'S DAY—MORNING QUATRAINS

XV

Fair Amaryllis drives her flocks,
All night safe-folded from the fox,
To flow'ry downs, where Colin stays
To court her with his roundelays. 60

XVI

The Traveller now leaves his inn
A new day's journey to begin,
As he would post it with the day,
And, early rising, makes good way.

XVII

The sleek-fac'd school-boy satchel takes, 65
And with slow pace small riddance makes ;
For why, the haste we make, you know,
To Knowledge and to Virtue's slow.

XVIII

The Fore-horse gingles on the road,
The Waggoner hugs on his load, 70
The Field with busy people snies,
And City rings with various cries.

XIX

The World is now a busy swarm,
All doing good, or doing harm ;
But let's take heed our acts be true, 75
For Heaven's eye sees all we do.

XX

None can that piercing sight evade,
It penetrates the darkest shade,
And Sin, though it could 'scape the eye,
Would be discover'd by the cry. 80

II.—NOON QUATRAINS

I

The Day grows hot, and darts his rays
From such a sure and killing place,
That this half-world are fain to fly
The danger of his burning eye.

II

His early glories were benign, 5
Warm to be felt, bright to be seen,
And all was comfort, but who can
Endure him when meridian ?

III

Of him we, as of Kings, complain,
Who mildly do begin to reign, 10
But to the zenith got of power,
Those whom they should protect devour.

IV

Has not another Phæthon
 Mounted the chariot of the Sun,
 And, wanting art to guide his horse, 15
 Is hurried from the Sun's due course?

V

If this hold on, our fertile lands
 Will soon be turn'd to parchèd sands,
 And not an onion that will grow
 Without a Nile to overflow. 20

VI

The grazing herds now droop and pant,
 E'en without labour fit to faint,
 And willingly forsook their meat
 To seek out cover from the heat.

VII

The lagging ox is now unbound, 25
 From larding the new turn'd up ground,
 Whilst Hobbinol, alike o'erlaid,
 Takes his coarse dinner to the shade.

VIII

Cellars and grottoes now are best
 To eat and drink in, or to rest, 30
 And not a soul above is found
 Can find a refuge underground.

IX

When Pagan tyranny grew hot,
Thus persecuted Christians got
Into the dark but friendly womb 35
Of unknown subterranean Rome.

X

And as that heat did cool at last,
So a few scorching hours o'erpassed,
In a more mild and temperate ray
We may again enjoy the day. 40

III.—EVENING QUATRAINS

I

The Day's grown old, the fainting Sun
Has but a little way to run,
And yet his steeds with all his skill,
Scarce lug the chariot down the hill.

II

With labour spent, and thirst opprest, 5
Whilst they strain hard to gain the west,
From fetlocks hot drops melted light,
Which turn to meteors in the night.

III

The shadows now so long do grow,
 That brambles like tall cedars show, 10
 Mole-hills seem mountains, and the ant
 Appears a monstrous elephant.

IV

A very little, little flock
 Shades thrice the ground that it would stock ;
 Whilst the small stripling following them 15
 Appears a mighty Polypheme.

V

These being brought into the fold,
 And by the thrifty master told,
 He thinks his wages are well paid,
 Since none are either lost or stray'd. 20

VI

Now lowing herds are each-where heard,
 Chains rattle in the villain's yard ;
 The cart's on tail set down to rest,
 Bearing on high the cuckold's crest.

VII

The hedge is stript, the clothes brought in, 25
 Naught's left without should be within ;
 The bees are hiv'd and hum their charm,
 Whilst every house does seem a-swarm.

VIII

The cock now to the roost is prest :
For he must call up all the rest ; 30
The sow's fast pegg'd within the sty,
To still her squeaking progeny.

IX

Each one has had his supping mess,
The cheese is put into the press ;
The pans and bowls clean-scalded all, 35
Rear'd up against the milk-house wall.

X

And now on benches all are sat
In the cool air to sit and chat,
Till Phœbus, dipping in the west,
Shall lead the World the way to rest. 40

IV.—NIGHT QUATRAINS

I

The Sun is set and gone to sleep
With the fair Princess of the deep,
Whose bosom is his cool retreat,
When fainting with his proper heat :

II

His steeds their flaming nostrils cool 5
 In spume of the Cerulean pool ;
 Whilst the wheels dip their hissing naves
 Deep in Columbus' western waves.

III

From whence great rolls of smoke arise
 To overshadow the beauteous skies ; 10
 Who bid the world's bright eye adieu
 In gelid tears of falling dew.

IV

And now from the Iberian vales
 Night's sable steeds her chariot hales,
 Where double cypress curtains screen 15
 The gloomy melancholic queen.

V

These, as they higher mount the sky,
 Ravish all colour from the eye,
 And leave it but an useless glass,
 Which few or no reflections grace. 20

VI

The crystal arch o'er Pindus' crown
 Is on a sudden dusky grown,
 And all's with funeral black o'erspread,
 As if the Day, which sleeps, were dead.

VII

No ray of light the heart to cheer, 25
But little twinkling stars appear ;
Which like faint dying embers lie,
Fit nor to work nor travel by.

VIII

Perhaps to him they torches are,
Who guide Night's Sovereign's drowsy ear, 30
And him they may befriend so near,
But us they neither light nor cheer.

IX

Or else those little sparks of light
Are nails that tire the wheels of Night,
Which to new stations still are brought, 35
As they roll o'er the gloomy vault ;

X

Or nails that arm the horses' hoof,
Which trampling o'er the marble roof,
And striking fire in the air,
We mortals call a shooting-star. 40

XI

That's all the light we now receive,
Unless what belching Vulcans give ;
And those yield such a kind of light
As adds more horror to the night.

50 A SUMMER'S DAY—NIGHT QUATRAINS

XII

Nyctimene now freed from day, 45
From sullen bush flies out to prey,
And does with ferret-note proclaim
Th' arrival of th' usurping dame.

XIII

The Rail now cracks in fields and meads,
Toads now forsake the nettle-beds, 50
The tim'rous hare goes to relief,
And wary men bolt out the thief.

XIV

The fire's new-rak'd, and hearth swept clean
By Madge, the dirty kitchen-quean ;
The safe is lockt, the mouse-trap set, 55
The leaven laid, and bucking wet.

XV

Now in false floors and roofs above,
The lustful cats make ill-tun'd love,
The ban-dog on the dunghill lies,
And watchful nurse sings lullabies. 60

XVI

Philomel chants it whilst she bleeds,
The Bittern booms it in the reeds,
And Reynard ent'ring the back yard,
The capitolian cry is heard.

XVII

The Goblin now the fool alarms, 65
Hags meet to mumble o'er their charms,
The nightmare rides the dreaming ass,
And fairies trip it on the grass.

XVIII

The drunkard now supinely snores,
His load of ale sweats through his pores ; 70
Yet when he wakes the swine shall find
A *crapula* remains behind.

XIX

The sober now, and chaste, are blest
With sweet, and with refreshing rest,
And to sound sleeps they've best pretence, 75
Have greatest share of innocence.

XX

We should so live, then, that we may
Fearless put off our clots and clay,
And travel through Death's shades to light ;
For every Day must have its Night. 80

THE STORM

TO THE EARL OF —

How with ill nature does this world abound!
When I, who ever thought myself most sound,
And free from that infection, now must choose
Out you, my lord, whom least I should abuse
To trouble with a tempest, who have none 5
In your firm breast t' afflict you of your own ;
But since of friendship it the nature is,
In any accident that falls amiss,
Whether of sorrow, terror, loss, or pain,
Caused or by men or Fortune, to complain 10
To those who of our ills have deepest sense,
And in whose favour we've most confidence.
Pardon, if in a Storm I here engage
Your calmer thoughts ; and on a sea, whose rage,
When but a little moved, as far outbraves 15
The tamer mutinies of Adria's waves,
As they, when worst for Neptune to appease
The softest curls of most pacific seas ;
And though I'm vain enough half to believe
My danger will some little trouble give, 20
I yet more vainly faney 'twill advance
Your pleasure too, for my deliverance.

'Twas now the time of year, of all the rest,
For slow, but certain navigation best ;
The earth had drest herself so fine and gay, 25
That all the world, our little world, was May ;
The Sea, too, had put on his smoothest face,
Clear, sleek, and even as a looking-glass ;
The rugged Winds were lockt up in their gaols,
And were but zephyrs whisper'd in the sails, 30
All Nature seem'd to court us to our woe ;
Good God ! can elements dissemble too ?
Whilst we, secure, consider'd not the whiles
That greatest treasons lie conceal'd in smiles.

Aboard we went, and soon were under sail, 35
But with so small an over-modest gale ;
And to our virgin canvas so unkind,
As not to swell their laps with so much wind
As common courtship would in breeding pay
To maids less buxom and less trim than they. 40
But of this calm we could not long complain,
For scarcely were we got out to the main
From the still harbour but a league, no more,
When the false Wind—that seem'd so chaste before—
The ship's laced smock began to stretch and tear, 45
Not like a suitor, but a ravisher :
As if delight were lessen'd by consent,
And tasted worse for being innocent.
A sable curtain, in a little space,
Of thick wove clouds was drawn o'er Phœbus' face, 50
He might not see the horror of the sight,
Nor we the comfort of his heavenly light :
Then, as this darkness had the signal been,

At which the furious storm was to begin,
 Heaven's loud artillery began to play, 55
 And with pale flashes made a dreadful day :
 The centre shook by these, the Ocean
 In hills of brine to swell and heave began ;
 Which, growing mountains, as they rolling hit,
 To surge and foam, each other broke and split, 60
 Like men, who, in intestine storms of state
 Strike any they nor know, nor yet for what ;
 But with the stream of fury headlong run
 To war, they know not how nor why begun.

In this disorder straight the winds forlorn, 65
 Which had lain ambush'd all the flatt'ring morn,
 With unexpected fury rushes in,
 The ruffling skirmish rudely to begin ;
 The Sea, with thunder-claps alarmed before,
 Assaulted thus anew, began to roar 70
 In waves, that, striving which should fastest run,
 Crowded themselves into confusion.

At which advantage Æolus brought on
 His large spread wings, and main battalion,
 When by opposing shores the flying foe 75
 Forced back against the enemy to flow,
 So great a conflict followed, as if here
 Th' enraged enemies embattled were ;
 Not only one another to subdue,
 But to destroy themselves and Nature too. 80

To paint this horror to the life, weak Art
 Must want a hand, Humanity a heart ;
 And I the bare relation whilst I make,
 Methinks am brave, my hand still does not shake ;

THE STORM

55

For surely since men first, in planks of wood, 85
 Themselves committed to the faithless flood,
 Men born and bred at sea did ne'er behold
 Neptune in such prodigious furrows roll'd ;
 Those Winds, which with the loudest terror roar,
 Never so stretch'd their lungs and cheeks before ; 90
 Nor on this floating stage has ever been
 So black a scene of dreadful ruin seen.

Poor Yacht ! in such a sea how canst thou live ?
 What ransom would not thy pale tenants give
 To be set down on the most desp'rate shore, 95
 Where serpents hiss, tigers and lions roar,
 And where the men, inhuman savages,
 Are yet worse vermin, greater brutes than these ?
 Who would not for a danger that may be
 Exchange a certain ruin that they see ? 100
 For such, unto our reason, or our fear,
 Ours did in truth most manifest appear ;
 And how could we expect a better end
 When Winds and Seas seemed only to contend,
 Not which should conquer other in this war, 105
 But in our wreck which should have greatest share ?
 The Winds were all let loose upon the Main,
 And every Wind that blew a hurricane ;
 Nereus' whole pow'r, too, muster'd seemed to be,
 Wave rode on wave, and every wave a sea. 110
 Of our small Bark gusts rushed the trembling sides
 Against vast billows that contain'd whole tides,
 Which in disdainful fury beat her back
 With such a force, as made her stout sides crack,
 'Gainst others that in crowds came rolling in, 115

As if they meant, their liquid walls between,
 T' engage the wretched hulk, and crush her flat,
 And make her squeeze to death her dying freight.
 Sometimes she on a mountain's ridge would ride,
 And from that height her gliding keel then slide 120
 Into a gulf, yawning and deep as hell,
 Whilst we were swooning all the while we fell ;
 Then by another billow raised so high
 As if the Sea would dart her into th' sky,
 To be a pinnace to the Argosy ; 125
 Then down a precipice so low and steep,
 As it had been the bottom of the Deep,
 Thus whilst we up and down, and to and fro,
 Were miserably tossed and bandied so,
 'Twas strange our little Pink, though ne'er so tight, 130
 Could weather 't so, and keep herself upright,
 Or was not sunk with weight of our despair ;
 For hope, alas ! could find no anchoring there :
 Her prow, and poop, starboard, and larboard side
 Being with these elements so hotly plied, 135
 'Twas no less than a miracle her seams
 Not ripp'd and open'd, and her very beams
 Continued faithful in these loud extremes ;
 That her tall masts, so often bowed and bent,
 With gust on gust, were not already spent ; 140
 That all, or anything indeed withstood
 A Sea so hollow, such a high-wrought flood.
 Here, where no seaman's art nor strength avails,
 Where use of compass, rudder, or of sails,
 There now was none ; the mariners all stood 145
 Bloodless and cold as we ; or though they could

Something, perhaps, have help'd in such a stress,
 Were every one astonish'd ne'ertheless
 To that degree, they either had no heart
 Their art to use, or had forgot their art. 150
 Meanwhile the miserable passengers,
 With sighs the hardest, the more soft with tears,
 Mercy of Heaven in various accents craved,
 But after drowning hoping to be saved.
 How oft, by fear of dying, did we die? 155
 And every death, a death of cruelty,
 Worse than worst cruelties provoked impose
 On the most hated, most offending foes.
 We fancied Death riding on every wave,
 And every hollow seemed a gaping grave; 160
 All things we saw such horror did present,
 And all of dying too were so intent,
 Every one thought himself already dead,
 And that for him the tears he saw were shed.
 Such as had not the courage to behold 165
 Their danger above deck, within the hold
 Uttered such groans in that, their floating grave,
 As even unto Terror terror gave;
 Whilst those above, pale, dead, and cold appear,
 Like ghosts in Charon's boat that sailing were. 170
 The Last Day's dread, which none can comprehend,
 But to weak fancy only recommend,
 To form the dreadful image from sick fear;
 That fear and fancy both were heighten'd here
 With such a face of horror, as alone 175
 Was fit to prompt imagination,
 Or to create it where there had been none.

Such as from under hatches thrust a head
 T' enquire what news, seemed rising from the dead,
 Whilst those who stayed above, bloodless with fear, 180
 And ghastly look, as they new risen were.
 The bold and timorous, with like horror struck,
 Were not to be distinguish'd by their look ;
 And he who could the greatest courage boast,
 Howe'er within, look'd still as like a ghost. 185

Ten hours in this rude tempest we were tost,
 And ev'ry moment gave ourselves for lost ;
 Heaven knows how ill-prepared for sudden death,
 When the rough Winds, as they'd been out of breath,
 Now seem'd to pant, and panting to retreat, 190
 The Waves with gentler force against us beat ;
 The sky cleared up, the Sun again shone bright,
 And gave us once again new life and light.
 We could again bear sail in those rough seas,
 The seamen now resume their offices ; 195
 Hope warmed us now anew, anew the heart
 Did to our cheeks some streaks of blood impart ;
 And in two hours, or very little more,
 We came to anchor falcion-shot from shore,
 The very same we left the morn before ; 200
 Where now in a yet working Sea, and high,
 Until the Wind shall veer, we rolling lie,
 Resting secure from present fear ; but then
 The dangers we escaped must tempt again ;
 Which if again I safely shall get through 205
 (And sure I know the worst the sea can do)
 So soon as I shall touch my native Land,
 I'll thence ride post to kiss your lordship's hand.

THE TEMPEST

I

STANDING upon the margent of the main,
Whilst the high boiling tide came tumbling in,
I felt my fluctuating thoughts maintain
As great an ocean, and as rude, within ;
As full of waves, of depths, and broken grounds, 5
As that which daily leaves her chalky bounds.

II

Soon could my sad imagination find
A parallel to this half world of flood,
An ocean by my walls of earth confined,
And rivers in the channels of my blood : 10
Discovering man, unhappy man, to be
Of this great frame, Heaven's epitome.

III

There pregnant argosies with full sails ride,
To shoot the gulfs of sorrow and despair,
Of which the love no pilot has to guide, 15
But to her sea-born Mother steers by prayer,
When, oh ! the hope her anchor lost, undone,
Rolls at the mercy of the regent Moon.

IV

'Tis my adored Diana, then must be
The guid'ress to this beaten bark of mine, 20
'Tis she must calm and smooth this troubled sea,
And waft my hope over the vaulting brine :
 Call home thy venture, Dian, then at last,
 And be as merciful as thou art chaste.

TO JOHN BRADSHAW, ESQ.

I

COULD you and I our lives renew
And be both young again,
Retaining what we ever knew
Of manners, times, and men,

II

We could not frame so loose to live, 5
But must be useful then,
Ere we could possibly arrive
To the same age again.

III

But Youth's devour'd in vanities
Before we are aware, 10
And so grown old before grown wise
We good for nothing are :

IV

Or, if by that time knowing grown,
By reading books and men,
For others' service, or our own, 15
'Tis with the latest then.

V

Happy's that man, in this estate,
 Whose conscience tells him still,
 That though for good he comes too late,
 He ne'er did any ill. 20

VI

The satisfaction flowing thence,
 All dolours would assuage,
 And be sufficient recompense
 For all the ills of Age :

VII

But very few (my friend) I fear, 25
 Whom this ill age has bred,
 At need have such a comforter
 To make their dying bed.

VIII

'Tis then high time we should prepare 30
 In a new World to live,
 Since here we breathe but panting air,
 Alas ! by short reprieve.

IX

Life then begins to be a pain,
 Infirmity prevails,
 Which, when it but begins to reign, 35
 The bravest courage quails ;

x

But could we, as I said, procure
 To live our lives again,
We should be of the better sure
 Or the worst sort of men.

40

SAPPHIC ODE

How easy is his life and free,
Who, urged by no necessity,
Eats cheerful bread, and over night does pay
For next day's *crapula*.

No suitor such a mean estate 5
Invites to be importunate,
No supple flatterer, robbing villain, or
Obstreperous creditor.

This man does need no bolts nor locks,
Nor needs he start when any knocks, 10
But may on careless pillows lie and snore,
With a wide open door.

Trouble and danger Wealth attend,
A useful but a dangerous friend,
Who makes us pay, ere we can be releas'd, 15
Quadruple interest.

Let's live to-day, then, for to-morrow ;
The fool's too provident, will borrow
A thing, which, through chance or infirmity,
 'Tis odds he ne'er may see. 20

Spend all then ere you go to Heaven,
So with the World you will make even ;
And men discharge by dying Nature's score,
 Which done we owe no more.

HOPE

PINDARIC ODE

I

HOPE, thou darling, and delight
Of unforeseeing reckless minds,
Thou deceiving parasite,
Which nowhere entertainment finds
But with the wretched or the vain ; 5
'Tis they alone fond Hope maintain.
Thou easy fool's cheap favourite ;
Thou fawning slave to slaves, that still remains
In galleys, dungeons, and in chains ;
Or with a whining lover lov'st to play, 10
With treach'rous art
Fanning his heart,
A greater slave by far, than they
Who in worst durance wear their age away ;
Thou, whose ambition mounts no higher, 15
Nor does to greater fame aspire,
Than to be ever found a liar :
Thou treach'rous fiend, deluding shade,
Who would with such a phantom be betray'd, 19
By whom the wretched are at last more wretched made ?

II

Yet once, I must confess, I was
 Such an overweening ass,
 As in Fortune's worst distress
 To believe thy promises ;
 Which so brave a change foretold, 25
 Such a stream of happiness,
 Such mountain hopes of glitt'ring gold,
 Such honours, friendships, offices,
 In love and arms so great success ;
 That I e'en hugg'd myself with the conceit, 30
 Was myself party in the cheat,
 And in my very bosom laid
 That fatal hope by which I was betray'd,
 Thinking myself already rich and great :
 And in that foolish thought despis'd 35
 Th' advice of those who out of love advis'd ;
 As I'd foreseen what they did not foresee,
 A torrent of felicity,
 And rudely laugh'd at those who pitying wept for me.

III

But of this expectation, when't came to't, 40
 What was the fruit ?
 In sordid robes poor Disappointment came,
 Attended by her handmaids, Grief and Shame ;
 No wealth, no titles, no friend could I see,
 For they still court prosperity ; 45
 Nay, what was worst of what Mischance could do,
 My dearest love forsook me too ;

My pretty love, with whom, had she been true,
 Even in banishment,
 I could have liv'd most happy and content, 50
 Her sight which nourish'd me withdrew.
 I then, although too late, perceiv'd
 I was by flattering Hope deceiv'd,
 And call'd for it t' expostulate
 The treachery and foul deceit : 55
 But it was then quite fled away,
 And gone some other to betray,
 Leaving me in a state
 By much more desolate,
 Than if when first attack'd by Fate 60
 I had submitted there
 And made my courage yield unto despair.
 For Hope, like cordials, to our wrong
 Does but our miseries prolong,
 Whilst yet our vitals daily waste, 65
 And not supporting life, but pain,
 Call their false friendships back again,
 And unto Death, grim Death, abandon us at last.

IV

In me, false Hope, in me alone,
 Thou thine own treach'ry hast out-done : 70
 For Chance, perhaps, may have befriended
 Someone th' hast labour'd to deceive
 With what by thee was ne'er intended,
 Nor in thy power to give :
 But me thou hast deceived in all, as well 75

HOPE

69

Possible, as impossible,
And the most sad example made
Of all that ever were betray'd.

But thou hast taught me Wisdom yet,
Henceforth to hope no more
Than I see reason for,

A precept I shall ne'er forget:
Nor is there anything below

Worth a man's wishing or his care,
When what we wish begets our woe,
And Hope deceived becomes Despair.

Then, thou seducing Hope, farewell,
No more thou shalt of sense bereave me,
No more deceive me,

I now can counter-charm thy spell,

And for what's past, so far I will be even,
Never again to hope for anything but Heaven.

AN EPITAPH ON MY DEAR AUNT, MRS ANN
STANHOPE

FORBEAR, bold passenger, forbear
The verge of this sad sepulchre :
Put off thy shoes, nor dare to tread
The hallowed earth, where she lies dead ;
For in this vault the magazine 5
Of female virtue's stored, and in
This marble casket is confined
The jewel of all womankind.
For here she lies, whose Spring was crowned
With every grace in Beauty found ; 10
Whose Summer to that Spring did suit,
Whose Autumn cracked with happy fruit ;
Whose Fall was like her life, so spent,
Exemplary and excellent ;
For here the fairest, chastest maid, 15
That this age ever knew, is laid :
The best of kindred, best of friends,
Of most faith and of fewest ends ;
Whose fame the tracks of Time survives ;
The best of Mothers, best of Wives. 20
Lastly, which the whole sum of praise implies,
Here she, who was the best of women, lies.

II.—AMATORY

ODE TO LOVE

I

GREAT Love, I thank thee, now thou hast
Paid me for all my suff'rings past,
And wounded me with Nature's pride,
For whom more glory 'tis to die
Scorn'd and neglected, than enjoy 5
All beauty in the world beside.

II

A Beauty above all pretence,
Whose very scorns are recompense,
The Regent of my heart is crown'd,
And now the sorrows and the woe 10
My youth and folly help'd me to,
Are buried in this friendly wound.

III

Led by my folly or my fate,
I loved before, I knew not what,

And threw my thoughts, I knew not where : 15
 With judgment now I love and sue,
 And never yet perfection knew,
 Until I cast mine eyes on her.

IV

My soul, that was so base before
 Each little beauty to adore, 20
 Now rais'd to glory, does despise
 Those poor and counterfeited rays
 That caught me in my childish days,
 And knows no power but her eyes.

V

Rais'd to this height I have no more, 25
 Almighty Love, for to implore
 Of my auspicious stars or thee,
 Than that thou bow her noble mind
 To be as mercifully kind
 As I shall ever faithful be. 30

TO CÆLIA

I

WHEN, Cœlia, must my old day set,
And my young morning rise
In beams of joy so bright as yet
Ne'er bless'd a lover's eyes?
My state is more advanced than when 5
I first attempted thee;
I sued to be a servant then,
But now to be made free.

II

I've served my time faithful and true,
Expecting to be placed 10
In happy freedom, as my due,
To all the joys thou hast:
Ill husbandry in love is such
A scandal to Love's power,
We ought not to misspend so much 15
As one poor short-lived hour.

III

Yet think not, Sweet, I'm weary grown,
That I pretend such haste;

Since none to surfeit e'er was known,
 Before he had a taste :
My infant Love could humbly wait,
 When young it scarce knew how
To plead ; but, grown to man's estate,
 He is impatient now.

SONG

I

JOIN once again, my Celia, join
Thy rosy lips to these of mine,
Which though they be not such,
Are full as sensible of bliss,
That is, as soon can taste a kiss, 5
As thine of softer touch.

II

Each kiss of thine creates desire,
Thy odorous breath inflames Love's fire,
And wakes the sleeping coal :
Such a kiss to be I find 10
The conversation of the mind,
And whisper of the soul.

III

Thanks, sweetest, now thou'rt perfect grown,
For by this last kiss I'm undone ;
Thou breathest silent darts. 15
Henceforth each little touch will prove
A dangerous stratagem in love,
And thou wilt blow up hearts.

ODE TO CÆLIA

I

GIVE me my heart again (fair Treachery)
You ravish'd from me with a smile ;
Oh ! let it in some nobler quarrel die
Than a poor trophy of your guile.
And faith (bright Cœlia) tell me, what should you,
Who are all falsehood, do with one so true? 6

II

Or lend me yours awhile instead of it,
That I in time my skill may try
Though ill I know it will my bosom fit
To teach it some fidelity ; 10
Or that it else may teach me to begin
To be to you what you to me have been.

III

False and imperious Cœlia, cease to be
Proud of a conquest in your shame ;
You triumph o'er an humble enemy, 15
Not one you fairly overcame.
Your eyes alone might have subdued my heart,
Without the poor confederacy of Art.

ODE TO CÆLIA

77

IV

But to the power of Beauty you must add
The witchcraft of a sigh and tear. 20
I did admire before, but yet was made
By those to love ; they fixed me there :
I else, as other transient lovers do,
Had twenty loved ere this as well as you.

V

And twenty more I did intend to love, 25
Ere twenty weeks are past and gone,
And at a rate so modish, as shall prove
My heart a very civil one :
But oh (false fair!) I thus resolve in vain,
Unless you give me back my heart again. 30

TO CHLORIS

IRREGULAR STANZAS

I

LORD! how you take upon you still!
How you crow and domineer!
How still expect to have your will,
And carry the dominion clear,
As you were still the same that once you were! 5

II

Fie, Chloris, 'tis a gross mistake,
Correct your error, and be wise;
I kindly still your kindness take,
But yet have learn'd, though love I prize,
Your froward humours to despise, 10
And now disdain to call them cruelties.

III

I was a fool whilst you were fair,
And I had youth t' excuse it,
And all the rest are so that lovers are;
I then myself your vassal swear, 15
And could be still so; (which is rare);
Nay, I could force my will
To love, and at a good rate still,

TO CHLORIS

79

But on condition that you not abuse it ;
 I am now master of the gate, 20
 And therefore, Chloris, 'tis too late
 Or to insult, or to capitulate.

IV

'Tis beauty that to womankind
 Gives all the rule and sway ;
 Which once declining, or declin'd, 25
 Men afterwards unwillingly obey ;
 Your beauty 'twas at first did awe me,
 And into bondage, woeful bondage, draw me ;
 It was your cheek, your eye, your lip,
 Which raised you first to the dictatorship. 30

V

But your six months are now expir'd,
 'Tis time I now should reign,
 And if from you obedience be required,
 You must not to submit disdain,
 But practise what you've seen me do, 35
 And love and honour me as I did you ;
 That will an everlasting peace maintain,
 And make me crown you sovereign once again.

VI

And faith consult your glass, and see
 If I ha'n't reason on my side ; 40
 Are those eyes still the same they used to be ?
 Come, come, they're altered, 'twill not be denied ;

And yet although the glass be true,
 And show you, you no more are you,
 I know you'll scarce believe it, 45
 For womankind are all born proud, and never, never
 leave it.

VII

Yet still you have enough, and more than needs,
 To rule a more rebellious heart than mine ;
 For as your eyes still shoot, my heart still bleeds,
 And I must be a subject still ; 50
 Nor is it much against my will,
 Though I pretend to wrestle and repine :
 Your beauties, sweet, are in their height,
 And I must still adore ;
 New years, new graces still create ; 55
 Nay, maugre Time, Mischance and Fate,
 You in your very ruins shall have more
 Than all the Beauties that have graced the World before.

SONG

I

FIE, pretty Doris ! weep no more,
Damon is doubtless safe on shore,
 Despite of wind and wave ;
The life is fate-free that you cherish,
And 'tis unlike he now should perish 5
 You once thought fit to save.

II

Dry, Sweet, at last, those twins of light,
Which whilst eclip'd, with us 'tis night,
 And all of us are blind.
The tears that you so freely shed 10
Are both too precious for the dead,
 And for the quick too kind.

III

Fie, pretty Doris ! sigh no more,
The gods your Damon will restore,
 From rocks and quicksands free ; 15
Your wishes will secure his way,
And doubtless he, for whom you pray,
 May laugh at Destiny.

IV

Still then those tempests of your breast,
And set that pretty heart at rest, 20
 The man will soon return ;
Those sighs for Heaven are only fit,
Arabian gums are not so sweet,
 Nor offerings when they burn.

V

On him you lavish grief in vain, 25
Can't be lamented, nor complain,
 Whilst you continue true :
That man's disaster is above,
And needs no pity, that does love
 And is belov'd by you. 30

THE PICTURE

I

How, Chloris, can I e'er believe
The vows of womankind,
Since yours I faithless find,
So faithless, that you can refuse
To him your shadow, that to choose, 5
You swore you could the substance give ?

II

Is't not enough that I must go
Into another clime,
Where feather-footed Time
May turn my hopes into despair, 10
My downy youth to bristled hair,
But that you add this torment too ?

III

Perchance you fear idolatry
Would make the image prove
A woman fit for love ; 15
Or give it such a soul, as shone
Through fond Pygmalion's living stone ;
That so I might abandon thee.

IV

Oh, no! 'twould fill my Genius' room,
My honest one, that when 20
Frailty would love again,
And faltering with new objects burn,
Then, sweetest, would thy picture turn
My wandering eyes to thee at home. 24

ODE TO CHLORIS

FAREWELL, my sweet, until I come,
Improved in merit for thy sake,
With characters of Honour home,
Such as thou canst not then but take.

To Loyalty my love must bow, 5
My honour too calls to the field,
Where, for a Lady's busk, I now
Must keen and sturdy iron wield.

Yet, when I rush into those arms,
Where Death and Danger do combine, 10
I shall less subject be to harms,
Than to those killing eyes of thine.

Since I could live in thy disdain,
Thou art so far become my fate,
That I by nothing can be slain, 15
Until thy sentence speaks my date.

But, if I seem to fall in war,
 T^o excuse the murder you commit,
Be to my memory just so far,
 As in thy heart t' acknowledge it ; 20

That's all I ask ; which thou must give
 To him, that dying, takes a pride
It is for thee ; and would not live
 Sole prince of all the world beside. 24

TAKING LEAVE OF CHLORIS

I

SHE sighs as if she would restore
The life she took away before ;
As if she did recant my doom,
And sweetly would relieve me home :
Such hope to one condemn'd appears 5
From every whisper that he hears.
 But what do such vain hopes avail,
 If those sweet sighs compose a gale
 To drive me hence, and swell my sail ?

II

See, see, she weeps ! Who would not swear 10
That Love descended in that tear,
Boasting him of his wounded prize
Thus in the bleeding of her eyes ?
Or that those tears with just pretence
Would quench the fire that came from thence ? 15
 But oh ! they are (which strikes me dead)
 Crystal, her frozen heart has bred
 Neither in love nor pity shed.

III

Thus of my merit jealous grown,
 My happiness I dare not own ; 20
 But wretchedly her favours wear,
 Blind to myself, unjust to her
 Whose sighs and tears at least discover
 She pities, if not loves, her lover ;
 And more betrays the tyrant's skill 25
 Than any blemish in her will,
 That thus laments whom she doth kill.

IV

Pity still, sweet, my dying state,
 My flame may sure pretend to that,
 Since it was only unto thee 30
 I gave my life and liberty.
 Howe'er my life's misfortune's laid,
 By love I'm Pity's object made.
 Pity me then, and if you hear
 I'm dead, drop such another tear,
 And I am paid my full arrear. 36

ODE

I

FAIR Isabel, if ought but thee
I could, or would, or like, or love ;
If other beauties but approve
To sweeten my captivity :
I might those passions be above, 5
Those powerful passions that combine
To make and keep me only thine.

II

Or, if for tempting treasure I
Of the world's god, prevailing gold,
Could see thy love, and my truth sold, 10
A greater, nobler treasury ;
My flame to thee might then grow cold,
And I like one whose love is sense,
Exchange thee for convenience.

III

But when I vow to thee, I do 15
Love thee above or health or peace,
Gold, joy, and all such toys as these,
'Bove happiness and honour too :

Those then must know, this love can cease,
Nor change for all the glorious show 20
Wealth and discretion bribes us to.

IV

What such a love deserves, thou, sweet,
As knowing best, may'st best reward ;
I for thy bounty well prepared,
With open arms my blessing meet. 25
Then do not, dear, our joys detard ;
But unto him propitious be,
That knows no love, nor life, but thee.

LAURA SLEEPING

ODE

I

WINDS, whisper gently whilst she sleeps,
And fan her with your cooling wings ;
While she her drops of beauty weeps,
From pure, and yet unrivall'd springs.

II

Glide over Beauty's field, her face, 5
To kiss her lip and cheek be bold ;
But with a calm and stealing pace ;
Neither too rude, nor yet too cold.

III

Play in her beams, and crisp her hair 10
With such a gale as wings soft Love,
And with so sweet, so rich an air,
As breathes from the Arabian grove.

IV

A breath as hush'd as lover's sigh ;
Or that unfolds the morning's door :
Sweet as the winds that gently fly 15
To sweep the Spring's enamell'd floor.

V

Murmur soft music to her dreams,
That pure and unpolluted run
Like to the new-born crystal streams,
Under the bright enamour'd sun. 20

VI

But when she waking shall display
Her light, retire within your bar ;
Her breath is life, her eyes are day,
And all mankind her creatures are. 24

LAURA WEEPING

ODE

I

CHASTE, lovely Laura, 'gan disclose,
 Drooping with sorrow from her bed,
As with ungentle show'rs the rose,
 O'ercharg'd with wet, declines her head.

II

With a dejected look, and pace, 5
 Neglectingly she 'gan appear
When meeting with her tell-tale glass,
 She saw the face of Sorrow there.

III

Sweet Sorrow drest in such a look,
 As Love would trick to catch Desire ; 10
A shaded leaf in Beauty's book,
 Charact'ed with clandestine fire.

IV

Down dropt a tear, to deck her cheeks
 With orient treasure of her own ;
Such as the diving Negro seeks 15
 T' adorn the monarch's mighty crown.

V

Then a full show'r of pearly dew
 Upon her snowy breast 'gan fall,
 As in due homage to bestrew ;
 Or mourn her beauties' funeral. 20

VI

So have I seen the springing morn
 In dark and humid vapours clad,
 Not to eclipse but to adorn
 Her glories by that conquer'd shade.

VII

Spare (Laura), spare those beauty's twins, 25
 Do not our world of beauty drown,
 Thy tears are balm for other sins,
 Thou know'st not any of thine own.

VIII

Then let them shine forth to declare
 The sweet serenity within, 30
 May each day of thy life be fair,
 And to eclipse one hour be sin.

SONG

I

SEE, how like twilight slumber falls
T' obscure the glory of those balls,
 And, as she sleeps,
 See how light creeps
Thorough the chinks, and beautifies 5
The rayey fringe of her fair eyes.

II

Observe Love's feuds, how fast they fly,
To every heart, from her clos'd eye ;
 What then will she,
 When waiting, be ? 10
A glowing light for all t' admire,
Such, as would set the world on fire.

III

Then seal her eyelids, gentle Sleep,
Whiles cares of her mine open keep ;
 Lock up, I say, 15
 Those doors of Day,
Which with the Morn for lustre strive,
That I may look on her, and live.

SONG

I

WHY, dearest, shouldst thou weep, when I relate
 The story of my woe ?
Let not the swarthy mists of my black fate
 O'ercast thy beauty so ;
 For each rich pearl lost on that score 5
Adds to mischance, and wounds your servant more.

II

Quench not those stars that to my bliss should guide ;
 Oh, spare that precious tear !
Nor let those drops unto a deluge tide,
 To drown your beauty there ; 10
 That cloud of sorrow makes it night ;
You lose your lustre, but the world its light.

LES AMOURS

I

SHE, that I pursue, still flies me ;
Her, that follows me, I fly,
She, that I still court, denies me :
Her, that courts me, I deny.
Thus in one web we're subtly wove, 5
And yet we mutiny in love.

II

She, that can save me, must not do it,
She, that cannot, fain would do :
Her love is bound, yet I still woo it :
Hers by love is bound in woe. 10
Yet, how can I of love complain,
Since I have love for love again ?

III

This is thy work, imperious Child,
Thine's this labyrinth of love,
That thus hast our desires beguil'd, 15
Nor see'st how thine arrows rove.
Then prithee, to compose this stir,
Make her love me, or me love her.

IV

But, if irrevocable are
 Those keen shafts, that wound us so ; 20
Let me prevail with thee thus far,
 That thou once more take thy bow ;
Wound her hard heart, and by my troth
I'll be content to take them both. 24

THE EXPOSTULATION

I

HAVE I loved my Fair so long,
Six Olympiads at least,
And to Youth and Beauty's wrong,
On Virtue's single interest,
To be at last with scorn oppress'd ? 5

II

Have I loved that space so true,
Without looking once awry,
Lest I might prove false to you,
To whom I vow'd fidelity,
To be repaid with cruelty ? 10

III

Were you not, oh sweet ! confess,
Willing to be so belov'd ?
Favour gave my flame increase,
By which it still aspiring moved,
And had gone out, if disapproved. 15

IV

Whence then can this change proceed?
Say ; or whither does it tend ?
That false heart will one day bleed,
When it has brought so true a friend
To cruel and untimely end. 20

SONG

I

PRITHEE, why so angry, Sweet ?
 'Tis in vain
To dissemble a disdain ;
That frown i' th' infancy I'll meet
And kiss it to a smile again. 5

II

In that pretty anger is
 Such a grace,
As Love's fancy would embrace,
As to new crimes may youth entice,
So that disguise becomes that face. 10

III

When thy rosy cheek thus checks
 My offence,
I could sin with a pretence :
Through that sweet chiding blush there breaks
So fair, so bright an innocence. 15

THE RETREAT

I

I AM return'd, my Fair, but see
Perfection in none but thee :
 Yet many beauties have I seen,
 And in that search a truant been,
Through fruitless curiosity. 5

II

I've been to see each blear-ey'd star,
Fond men durst with thy light compare ;
 And, to my admiration, find
 That all but I, in love are blind,
And none but thee divinely fair. 10

III

Here then I fix, and now grown wise,
All objects, but thy face, despise ;
 Taught by my folly now I swear,
 If you forgive me, ne'er to err,
Nor seek impossibilities. 15

ADVICE

I

Go, thou perpetual whining lover ;
For shame leave off this humble trade,
'Tis more than time thou gav'st it over,
For sighs and tears will never move her :
By them more obstinate she's made ; 5
And thou by Love, fond, constant Love, betray'd.

II

The more, vain fop, thou su'st unto her,
The more she does torment thee still ;
Is more perverse the more you woo her ;
When thou art humblest lays thee lower ; 10
And, when most prostrate to her will,
Thou meanly begg'st for life, does basely kill.

III

By Heaven ! 'tis against all nature,
Honour and manhood, wit and sense,
To let a little female creature 15
Rule, on the poor account of feature,
And thy unmanly patience
Monstrous and shameful as her insolence.

IV

Thou mayst find forty will be kinder,
Or more compassionate at least, 20
If one will serve, two hours will find her,
And half this 'do for ever bind her
As firm and true as thine own breast,
On Love and Virtue's double interest.

V

But if thou canst not live without her, 25
This only she, when it comes to't,
And she relent not (as I doubt her),
Never make more ado about her,
To sigh and simper is no boot ;
Go, hang thyself, and that will do't. 30

VIRELAY

THOU cruel Fair, I go
To seek out any fate but thee,
Since there is none can wound me so,
Nor that has half thy cruelty ;
 Thou cruel Fair, I go. 5

For ever then farewell ;
'Tis a long leave I take, but oh !
To tarry with thee here is hell,
And twenty thousand hells to go ;
 For ever, though, farewell. 10

III.—BACCHANALIAN

CHANSON A BOIRE

COME, let's mind our drinking,
Away with this thinking ;
 It ne'er, that I heard of, did anyone good ;
Prevents not disaster,
But brings it on faster, 5
 Mischance is by mirth and by courage withstood.

He ne'er can recover
The day that is over,
 The present is with us, and does threaten no ill ;
He's a fool that will sorrow 10
For the thing called To-morrow,
 But the hour we've in hand we may wield as we
 will.

There's nothing but Bacchus
Right merry can make us,
 That virtue particular is to the vine ; 15
It fires ev'ry creature
With wit and good nature,
 Whose thoughts can be dark when their noses
 do shine ?

A night of good drinking
Is worth a year's thinking, 20
 There's nothing that kills us so surely as sorrow ;
Then to drown our cares, boys,
Let's drink up the stars, boys,
 Each face of the gang will a sun be to-morrow. 24

CLEPSYDRA

I

WHY, let it run! who bids it stay?
Let us the while be merry;
Time there in water creeps away,
With us it posts in sherry.

II

Time not employ'd's an empty sound, 5
Nor did kind Heaven lend it,
But that the glass should quick go round,
And men in pleasure spend it.

III

Then set thy foot, brave boy, to mine,
Ply quick to cure our thinking; 10
An hour-glass in an hour of wine
Would be but lazy drinking.

IV

The man that snores the hour-glass out
Is truly a time-waster,
But we, who troll this glass about, 15
Make him to post it faster.

V

Yet, though he flies so fast some think,
'Tis well known to the sages,
He'll not refuse to stay and drink,
And yet perform his stages. 20

VI

Time waits us whilst we crown the hearth,
And doats on ruby faces,
And knows that this career of mirth
Will help to mend our paces.

VII

He stays with him that loves good time, 25
And never does refuse it,
And only runs away from him
That knows not how to use it :

VIII

He only steals by without noise
From those in grief that waste it, 30
But lives with the mad roaring boys
That husband it and taste it.

IX

The moralist perhaps may prate
Of virtue from his reading ;
'Tis all but stale and foisted chat 35
To men of better breeding.

X

Time, to define it, is the space
That men enjoy their being ;
'Tis not the hour, but drinking-glass,
Makes time and life agreeing. 40

XI

He wisely does oblige his fate
Does cheerfully obey it,
And is of fops the greatest that
By temperance thinks to stay it.

XII

Come, ply the glass then quick about, 45
To titillate the gullet ;
Sobriety's no charm, I doubt,
Against a cannon-bullet.

ODE

I

THE Day is set did Earth adorn
To drink the brewing of the main,
And, hot with travel, will ere morn
Carouse it to an ebb again.

Then let us drink, time to improve, 5
Secure of Cromwell and his spies ;
Night will conceal our healths, and love
For all her thousand thousand eyes.

*Chorus : Then let us drink, secure of spies,
To Phœbus, and his second rise. 10*

II

Without the evening dew, and show'rs,
The Earth would be a barren place,
Of trees and plants, of herbs and flowers,
To crown her now enamell'd face ;

Nor can Wit spring, or Fancies grow, 15
Unless we dew our heads in wine,
Plump Autumn's wealthy overflow,
And sprightly issue of the Vine.

*Chorus : Then let us drink, secure of spies,
To Phœbus, and his second rise. 20*

III

Wine is the cure of cares, and sloth,
 That rust the metal of the mind ;
 The juice that man to man does, both
 In freedom and in friendship bind.

This clears the Monarch's cloudy brows, 25
 And cheers the hearts of sullen swains,
 To wearied souls repose allows,
 And makes slaves caper in their chains.

*Chorus : Then let us drink, secure of spies,
 To Phœbus, and his second rise. 30*

IV

Wine, that distributes to each part
 Its heat and motion, is the spring,
 The Poet's head, the subject's heart ;—
 'Twas wine made old Anacreon sing.

Then let us quaff it, whilst the Night 35
 Serves but to hide such guilty souls
 As fly the beauty of the light ;
 Or dare not pledge our loyal bowls.

*Chorus : Then let us revel, quaff, and sing
 Health, and his sceptre to the King. 40*

ODE

I

COME, let us drink away the time,
A plague upon this pelting rhyme!
When wine's run high, Wit's in the prime.

II

Drink, and stout drinkers are true joys ;
Odes, Sonnets, and such little toys, 5
Are exercises fit for boys.

III

Then to our liquor let us sit,
Wine makes the soul for action fit,
Who bears most drink has the most wit.

IV

The whining Lover, that does place 10
His wonder in a painted face,
And wastes his substance in the chase,

V

Could not in melancholy pine,
Had he affections so divine,
As once to fall in love with wine. 15

VI

The Gods themselves their revels keep,
 And in pure nectar tipple deep,
 When slothful mortals are asleep.

VII

They fuddled once, for recreation,
 In water, which by all relation,
 Did cause Deucalion's inundation. 20

VIII

The spangled globe, as it held most,
 Their bowl, was with salt-water dos't,
 The sun-burnt centre was the toast.

IX

In drink, Apollo always chose 25
 His darkest oracles to disclose ;
 'Twas wine gave him his ruby-nose.

X

The Gods then let us imitate,
 Secure of Fortune, and of Fate ;
 Wine wit, and courage does create. 30

XI

Who dares not drink's a wretched wight ;
 Nor can I think that man dares fight
 All day, that dares not drink all night.

XII

Fill up the goblet, let it swim
In foam, that overlooks the brim ; 35
He that drinks deepest, here's to him.

XIII

Sobriety and study breeds
Suspicion of our thoughts and deeds ;—
The downright drunkard no man heeds. . . . 39

APPENDIX

QUOTATIONS FROM THE POETICAL WORKS OF CHARLES COTTON

AND some delight to me the while,
Though nature now does weep in rain,
To think that I have seen her smile,
And haply may I do again.

If the all-ruling Power please
We live to see another May,
We'll recompense an age of these
Foul days in one fine fishing-day.
*To my dear and most worthy friend,
Mr Isaac Walton.*

Farewell, thou busy World, and may
We never meet again.
The Retirement, I.

Dear Solitude, the Soul's best friend,
That man acquainted with himself dost make.
The Retirement, IV.

We care not who says,
And intends it dispraise,
That an Angler t' a fool is next neighbour;
Let him prate, what care we?
We're as honest as he;
And so let him take that for his labour.
The Angler's Ballad.

Greatest treasons lie conceal'd in smiles.

The Storm.

Who would not for a danger that may be
Exchange a certain ruin that they see?

The Storm.

Trouble and danger wealth attend,
An useful but a dangerous friend,
Who makes us pay, ere we can be releas'd,
Quadruple interest.

Sapphic Ode.

Titles and wealth are Fortune's toils
Wherewith the vain themselves ensnare.
The great are proud of borrow'd spoils,
The miser's plenty breeds his care.

Contentation.

'Tis Contentation that alone
Can make us happy here below ;
And when this little life is gone,
Will lift us up to Heaven too.

A very little satisfies
An honest, and a grateful heart ;
And who would more than will suffice,
Does covet more than is his part.

Contentation.

Here she lies, whose Spring was crown'd
With every grace in beauty found ;
Whose Summer to that Spring did suit ;
Whose Autumn crack'd with happy fruit.
Whose Fall was like her life, so spent,
Exemplary, and excellent.

*An Epitaph on my Dear Aunt, Mrs
Ann Stanhope.*

All he desires, all that he would demand
Is only that some amicable hand

Would but irriguate his fading bays
 With due, and only with deservèd praise.
On Alexander Brome's Poems.

The witchcraft of a sigh and tear.
To Cælia.

Ill husbandry in love is such
 A scandal to love's power,
 We ought not to mis-spend so much
 As one poor short-liv'd hour.
Ode to Cælia.

For till we love, and love discreetly too,
 We nothing are, nor know we what we do.
To Calista, I.

Love is the soul of life.
To Calista, II.

They err call liking love ; true lovers know
 He never lov'd who does not always so.
To Calista, IV.

Falling is nobler than retiring,
 And in the glory of aspiring
 'Tis brave to tumble from the sky.
 "Fair Nymph, by whose perfections mov'd."

He is a traitor to Love's throne
 That has no love, or seems t' have none.
Love's Triumph, II.

Pity is the child of love.
Love's Triumph, V.

Winds, whisper gently whilst she sleeps,
 And fan her with your cooling wings ;
 Whilst she her drops of beauty weeps,
 From pure and yet unrivall'd springs.
Laura Sleeping.

Mischance is by mirth and by courage withstood.
Chanson a Boire.

The hour we've in hand we may wield as we will.
Chanson a Boire.

There's nothing that kills us so surely as sorrow.
Chanson a Boire.

The lives of frail men are compared by the sages
 Or unto short journeys, or pilgrimages,
 As men to their inns do come sooner or later,
 That is, to their ends, to be plain in my matter;
 From whence, when one dead is, it currently follows,
 He has run his race, though his goal be the gallows.
A Voyage to Ireland (In Burlesque).

A prison is a place of cure
 Wherein no man can thrive;
 A touchstone sure, to try a friend,
 A grave for men alive.
Attributed to Charles Cotton.

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